

2015

D85 DIGITAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY SALEEM A KHANANI
AND SAMEENA KHAN

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

A TRIBUTE TO HAVOVI TARAPORE



[DMC CLASS OF 1985 DIGITAL PUBLICATIONS]

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR THE CLASS FELOWS BY THE CLASS FELOWS

The beginning of the year 2015 coincides with the blessed month of Rabbiul Awwal in which the Holy Prophet Mohammad, peace be upon him was born. He is described in the Holy Quran as



We have not sent you except as a Mercy to the Worlds

The Holy Prophet peace be upon him said: “I have not been sent to lay a curse upon men but to be a blessing to them.”

An incident from his life is worth mentioning.

روى البيهقي من طريق أبي عبدالرحمن النسائي، حدثنا محمد بن علي بن حرب المروزي، حدثنا علي بن الحسين بن واقد، عن أبيه، عن يزيد النحوي، عن عكرمة، عن ابن عباس، أن رسول الله ﷺ بعث سرية فغنموا وفيهم رجل، فقال لهم: إني لست منهم، إني عشقت امرأة فلحققتها فدعوني أنظر إليها نظرة ثم اصنعوا بي ما بدا لكم. فإذا امرأة أدماء طويلة فقال لها: اسلمي حبيش قبل نفاد العيش. ثم ذكر البيهقي بمعناها. قال: فقالت: نعم فديتك ! قال: فقدموه فضربوا عنقه، فجاءت المرأة فوقع عليه فشهقت شهقة أو شهقتين ثم ماتت. فلما قدموا على رسول الله ﷺ أخبروه الخبر فقال: " أما كان فيكم رجل رحيم ! " .

The Holy Prophet, peace be upon him, sent a military expedition. The soldiers took some prisoners among whom was a man who claimed that he was an outsider. He had fallen in love with a woman of that tribe and had just come to see her. The soldiers killed him. The woman he loved came, sobbed and died instantly. When this was communicated to the Holy Prophet, peace be upon him, he said: “Was there no compassionate person among you?”

نعت رسول ﷺ

مرے رسول ﷺ کہ نسبت تجھے اجالوں سے
میں تیرا ذکر کروں صبح کے حوالوں سے

نہ میری نعت کی محتاج ذات ہے تیری
نہ تیری مدح ہے ممکن مرے خیالوں سے

تو روشنی کا پیمبر ہے اور مری تاریخ
بھری پڑی ہے شبِ ظلم کی مثالوں سے

ترا پیام محبت تھا اور میرے یہاں
دل و دماغ ہیں پُر نفرتوں کے جالوں سے

یہ افتخار ہے تیرا کہ میرے عرش مقام
تو ہمکلام رہا ہے زمین والوں سے

میں بے بساط سا شاعر ہوں پر کرم تیرا
کہ باشرف ہوں قبا و کلاہ والوں سے

احمد فراز

Got the Winter blues? Make the most of it!

By

Asma bint Shameem DOW 1985

Ahh...Alhamdulillah! Winter is here.

The nights are long and the days are short..... the temperatures have dropped and the weather is really cool!

What a perfect time to take advantage of the weather and utilize it to your benefit. You can increase your good deeds, take care of your obligations and earn the Pleasure of Allaah all at the same time!

How? One might ask...

Its simple.

Make the most of winter by fasting during its short days and praying Qiyaam during the long nights.

The smart Muslim is always looking for opportunities and ways to increase his good deeds, seek forgiveness from his Lord, and improve his Deen. He values each and every moment of his life, observing his duties to the best of his ability because he is preparing.....Preparing for that ultimate, inevitable meeting with Allaah, Rabbul 'Aalameen.

And the winter season is one perfect and easy way to do just that.

'Umar ibn al-Khattaab said: *"Winter is booty for the devout worshippers."*

Meaning, it is easy to gain rewards from Allaah by striving in worship during winter through fasting and praying than in the summer, which is like gaining easy war booty without the hardships of war.

Fast during the day

Since the days are short, it is easy to fast. How *many* of us have days of fasting that we have to make up, either because of sickness, traveling, or just plain neglect and laziness? (May Allaah to protect us from that).

And how many sisters have to make up their fasts due to feminine reasons, either from this past Ramadhaan or even before?

We all know that making up the days of fasting is fardh on every adult Muslim man and woman and not doing so is a sin. Straight forward, its an order from Allaah Subhaanahu wa Ta'ala.

Allaah says:

"The month of Ramadan is the month in which the Qur'aan was sent down, a guidance for the people, and clear verses of guidance and the criterion. Therefore, whoever of you witnesses the month, let him fast. But he who is ill, or on a journey should (fast) a similar number (of days) later on. Allah wants ease for you and does not want hardship for you. And that you fulfill the number of days and exalt Allah who has guided you in order that you be thankful." [Surah al-Baqarah:185]

Thus, we should hasten to fast the number of days we missed.

And what better opportunity than this?

How much easier could it get?

The days are short and the weather is cool, so you don't really get thirsty or even feel hungry. Allaah, in his Infinite Mercy, is providing us with an easy opportunity to seek rewards from Him. So shouldn't we take it up?

Abu Hurayrah RA said to some people: *"Shall I not point you to comfortable proceeds?" They asked, "And what is that O, Abu Hurayrah?" He replied, "Fasting in winter."*

Pray Qiyaam ul Lail at night

As for the winter night.....it is quite....it is long and it is peaceful.

What more could one ask?

A night so calm and so long..... to stand in front of our Lord and beg Him for forgiveness.....ask Him for guidance.....beseech him for His Mercy.

The Prophet (Sal Allaahu Aliyhi wa Sallam) said: *"Our Lord descends every night to the lowest heaven when the last third of the night remains, and He says, 'Who will call Me that I might answer him, who will ask of Me that I might give him, who will ask My forgiveness, that I might forgive him?'"* (Bukhaari)

And he (Sal Allaahu Aliyhi wa Sallam) said:

"You should pray qiyaam al-layl, for it is the custom of the righteous who came before you and it brings you closer to your Lord, and expiates sins and prevents misdeeds." (al-Tirmidhi- hasan by al-Albaani)

What better chance than this to pray Tahajjud and to read Qur'aan?

'Ubayd b. 'Umayr RA said: *"It used to be said when winter came: O people of the Qur'aan, the night has become long so you can pray (more) and the day has become short for you to fast."*-(Abu Nu'aym, Hilyat Al-Awliyaa')

Yazeed al-Riqaashi said: *"A lot of Tahajjud brings delight to the worshippers, and a lot of thirst (i.e., fasting), brings joy when they meet Allaah."*

So when the cold hits you and the weather gets you down, don't get discouraged. Instead of sleeping away the night and wasting away the day, look on the bright side and make the most of it. Put this time of year in a whole new perspective. Remind yourself of the many acts of worship and benefits that this time of the year brings with it rather than just focusing on how cold it is.

One of the righteous used to say: *"I have never heard the adhaan except that I remember the caller who will announce the Day of Resurrection, and I never see the falling snow except that I imagine the flying pages of the records of peoples deeds (on that day), and I never see swarms of locusts except that I think about the Great Gathering on the Last Day."*

And actually, if you think about it, the winter is a *big* blessing from among the innumerable, uncountable blessings of Allaah. He is honoring us by the bounty of His Giving, His gracious Blessing and His great Favor, so that we may be able to pray qiyaam, fast during the day and worship Him. May Allaah enable us all to make better use of our winters. Ameen.

Havovi: A Remarkable Friend

By: Aziza M. Hussain Dow 85

In medical college, I had the privilege of meeting Havovi – a lively girl, who spoke Urdu with a Parsi accent. I got to know her well towards the end of second year; when she invited me, Saeeda Simjee and Talat Shireen to form a clinical group with her two friends (Mehar Sidwa and Rizwana Rashid). Initially, we were reluctant to join the group as we thought Havovi, being good in academics, would dominate. However, we agreed and to our surprise Havovi turned out to be the complete opposite.

We became good friends very soon. I quickly realised that this girl was not just intelligent but also extremely friendly, responsible and selfless. Her mother passed away during her intermediate exams but she carried on to fulfill her mother's dream to become a Doctor (a Gynaecologist and an Obstetrician). Despite her great loss, she continued with her cheerful demeanour and maintained her enthusiasm. At home she fulfilled the duties of a responsible daughter and sister. She was the youngest, but became a pillar of strength for her family at a very difficult time. She made all of our clinical postings extremely enjoyable. She was humble, sincere and was always willing to help others. We all admired her for these qualities.

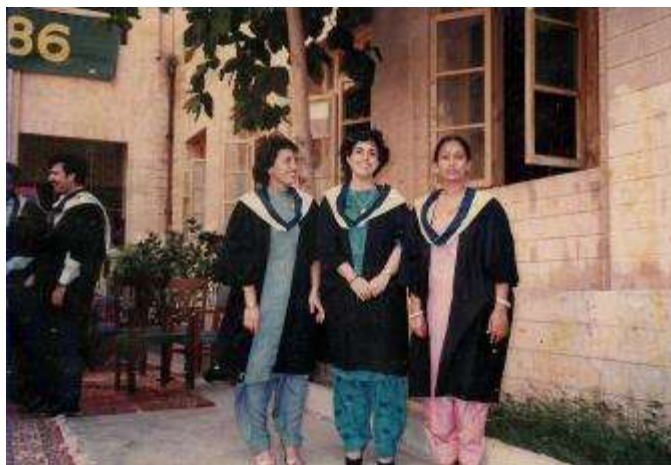
Havovi used to be very active socially. She attended all the musical evenings, parties and get together events. We spent many memorable times together in those days. We used to have lots of one-dish parties, where Havovi would make her delicious Parsi Dhansag. She was keen to learn crochet work; our friends would gather at my house to learn crochet from my mother, who was good at it. We also went to our class Hygiene tour of Pakistan, which was unforgettable. Havovi bought a car during our house job in Madam Razia Ansari's ward and we used to sneak out of the hospital to go around town in it. The visit to the flower show was one of our best trips!

When our house job finished, all of our friends moved to different places and got married. We all got busy with our family and professional lives but we kept in touch. After many years of graduation, we got together when Talat Shireen visited Pakistan. We fondly recalled our medical school days.

I have worked at various institutions in Pakistan and the UK but have not come across such a hard working person as Havovi. She obtained 3rd position in the year in the final year of MBBS and was awarded a Role of Honour with distinction in Gynaecology and Obstetrics (OBGYN). She then specialised in OBGYN whilst raising her family. After completing her MRCOG, she came back to Pakistan to serve the

underprivileged women of the country. She spent 13 years working at the Kharadar Hospital. Due to family reasons she then relocated to USA. She completed all the three steps of USMLE whilst already holding a very senior level position in Pakistan. She started her residency in UCLA but did not enjoy working OBGYN there. Havovi is now planning to switch careers and become either a genetic counsellor or a clinical researcher in a biotechnology organisation in California. I have no doubt that with her hard work, dedication and capability, she will succeed in this field.

It was a pleasure to write about Havovi, it brought back all the golden memories from our college days. I wish her health, happiness and success in life.



A TRIBUTE TO HAVOVI TARAPORE: SALEEM A KHANANI

Havovi and I became friends and partners during our first house job in medical unit I. Our RMO, the famous Dr. Noor Mohammad, ordered us to make teams consisting of one boy and one girl. I hardly knew anyone of my class fellows to approach. Havovi and I had talked a few times during the previous years and she asked me if I would be her partner. This was the beginning of a not only a professional relationship but a lifelong friendship with an outstanding individual.

Havovi was a brilliant student as we all know. She turned out to be an outstanding human being who was devoted to her profession and patients. She provided exemplary care to the patients that she shared. From approaching outside labs to provide free testing to even contributing to the funeral expenses of a patient, she showed me what it meant to be a doctor.

We learnt from each other and I do not remember one incident where we may have argued. At the completion of house job we both started our residency at AKUH and remained friends. We visited each other with our spouses. Her husband Zersis and I became friends just like Havovi and my wife Farah got fond of each other.

We lost touch with each other for almost 20 years as I moved to the USA. In 2012 we got into contact with each other rather serendipitously. Havovi and Zersis came to Boston in August 2012 to drop off their son Rustom who was beginning a job. My wife and I seized the opportunity and invited the Birdies to a dinner at home. The invitation was accepted gleefully and we talked and talked capturing the events of the past two decades.

Havovi pursued a career in Ob/gyn with residency at AKUH. She passed MRCOG in 1996 and then got FRCOG in 2007. After years of practice in Karachi she moved to the USA in 2010 and after working briefly at the UCLA OBGYN as a first year resident she enrolled in MS in Medical Genetics and Biotechnology. Genetics has always fascinated her and there is no doubt in my mind that she would excel in it as well.

I want to recount two incidents that happened during our house job that show the kind of personality Havovi has. We had to apply for PRC (permanent residence certificate) from the city hall in order to apply for Grade 17 position. The staff gave us a hard time and asked us to present our fathers' domicile. I was too meek to say anything but Havovi's strong nature would not accept it. She asked me to follow her into the Deputy commissioner's room where he was in a meeting. She gave him a piece of her mind in such a way that the poor guy picked up the phone and told his staff, "bacchon ko tung mat karo". (Don't give any trouble to children.) As we went back to the staff the attitude had changed. We were given a royal reception and soon had the PRC without any fuss.

We then decided to get domicile certificates for our fathers just in case we came across any problem in the process. So we went to the domicile office and submitted the required documents. The staff wanted us to come back a week later. We requested to get the domicile certificates just one day earlier since we were going to Hyderabad in a week to submit our applications. The answer was a stern and somewhat disrespectful no. We decided to try our luck once more and just walked to the deputy's office. He happened to be a Sindhi Memon. This time I opened my mouth as well emboldened by what my partner had done earlier.

It worked! The deputy picked up the phone and told his staff to issue the domicile certificates within an hour!

Havovi lives in Piedmont California with her husband Zersis. The couple has two daughters and a son.

Havovi I wish you and your family the very best on behalf of our class.

HAVOVI IN PICTURES

In the class at Dow



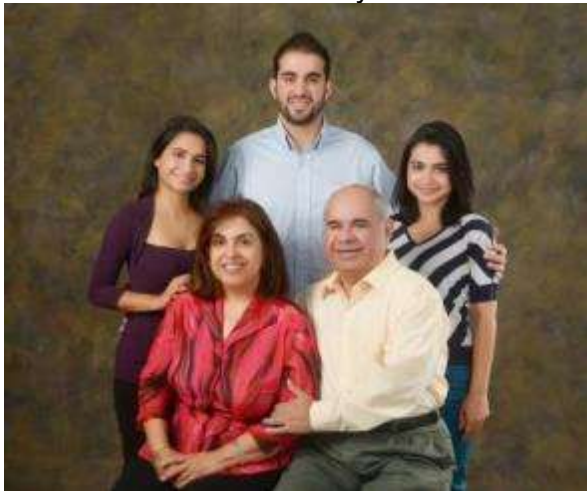
With the group mates



BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE: WITH ZERSIS



With family



With friends Shujaat and Zyani



The hostels that were

Sohail Ansari, D83

Hostels can be the core for educational institutes. New educational institutions emerged as Karachi was evolving under the British Empire. Those not only catered for the city but also for other parts of the province as the educational facilities were meagre. Hostels were built to accommodate particularly the students from those farther areas. Some of those hostels became institutes on their own accord, providing a base for living and socialising as well as for politicking.

Unfortunately in the recent decades some of the hostels became stock piles of ammunition and the centres for planning violence. The buildings had become sanctuaries for influential political activists and for storing weapons. Some were even captured entirely by the political parties. The administrators were unable to control those rowdy elements and their activities. The Rangers come to Karachi in 1989 as student politics had taken a bloody toll. A number of hostels were closed and some historical ones taken over by the rangers.

The hostel culture which was once so popular in Karachi has since faded fast. Some of us will have very fond memories from our times in the hostels whether as boarders or visitors.

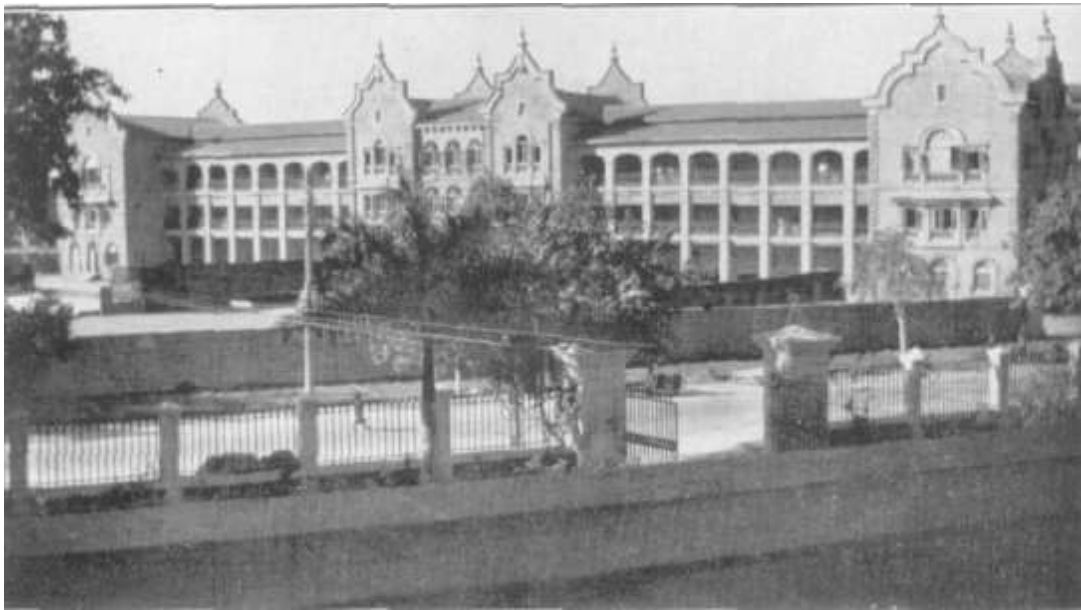
Among the historical hostels were the Seva Kunj, Metharam and Jinnah Courts that offered a number of facilities to the students from those outside Karachi and housed reading rooms that provided dozens of periodicals and newspapers. Those hostels played historical roles in the populist movements of their times. Jinnah Courts was an abode for the students of SM College, Metharam catered for DJ Sindh College and Seva Kunj for NED. This was the educational heart of Karachi with these three major educational institutions located included in the area.

In this article I intend to give you an overview of those hostels that catered for the needs of those students in need of accommodation and provided reasonable amenities. Perhaps the elders of some of the readers may have spent some time in one of these hostels and might wish to share their views on life there.

Metharam Hostel

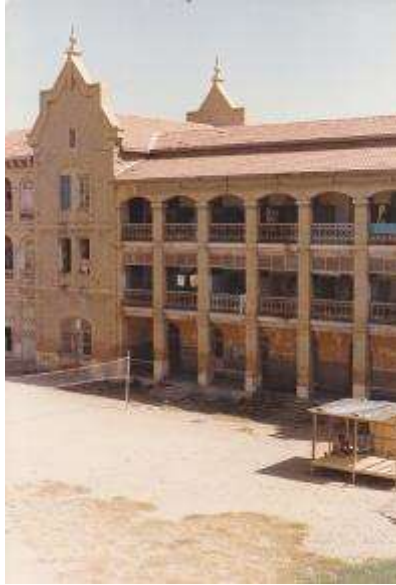
Metharam Hostel was the boys' hostel for DJ College. The foundation stone of this hostel was laid in 1894 the Governor of Bombay, Lord Harris. It was formally opened six years later by Lord Northcote in 1900 and was fully occupied in 1902. It was designed and constructed by Municipal Engineer, Mr Brunton at a cost of Rs. 118935. Rao Bahadur Diwan Metharam Gidumal donated Rs.15000 and the hostel was named after him. The Mir

of Khairpur contributed Rs. 5000. The initial cost of the furniture, which was made according to the plans of Professor Padshah, was Rs. 8672.



It was popularly called 'Princes Hostel' and was easily the best equipped and most comfortable hostel around accommodating 70 students in 70 separate rooms. The rent was Rs. 18 per term which afterwards was raised to Rs. 23 and 28. In the war time the hostel was disfigured by partitions and make shift arrangements and the rent was also raised. At the time of construction it was beautiful, with a fine compound and a cricket pitch in front and had well designed outhouses at the back. Professor Naik became the superintendent and resided in the hostel. Students of DJ Sind College seeking hostel accommodation preferred to stay at the Metharam Hostel as it was right opposite the college.

During the Second World War, the army offered Metharam Hostel to construct another wing in the Artillery Maidan giving a big slice of land for free. However, the authorities missed the opportunity by delaying the negotiations and the proposal never materialised.



When Democratic Students Federation leaders of Karachi gave an overall lead to the popular students' movement in 1950s, its headquarters were in Rahman Hashmi's room no. 29 of Metharam Hostel.

Today the building serves as a regional wing for the Rangers; its façade is hidden by high walls and barbed wires.

Leslie Wilson Muslim Hostel

Jinnah Courts, the hostel on Kutchery Road, which belonged to the S. M. Law College was originally named as the Leslie Wilson Muslim Hostel. It was established by Sindh Madressah Board with the assistance of Sir Leslie Wilson who was then the Governor of Bombay, to provide accommodation to sindhi muslim students and was built with funds contributed by people and local bodies of Sindh. The Mirs of Khairpur made special donation and the hostel was built with assistance of Mr Wilson, the governor of Bombay, who had felt that Karachi being predominantly a Hindu city had no facilities for Muslims of the rest of Sindh to come and stay for studies. Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto also contributed towards its construction. Its foundation stone was laid by Sir Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah, member of the Executive council of the Governor of Bombay and revenue and finance member of council of the government of Bombay in June 1932. The building was constructed at a cost of Rs. 189,000 and was inaugurated in June 1933 by Sir Leslie Wilson, who was now made the Governor of Queensland.



INDIANS' GRATITUDE.

The Moslem School of Karachi recently built a hostel, naming it the "Leslie Wilson Moslem School Hostel," in honour of the Governor of Queensland (Sir Leslie Wilson), who was formerly Governor of the Bombay Presidency. This they have done in appreciation of the services rendered by his Excellency for the promotion of Moslem education in the Bombay Presidency.

This information comes from Mr. A. I. Qureshi, an Indian research student, now on a visit to Australia. He said yesterday that, although away from India, his Excellency was still keenly interested in its welfare, and he was glad to know that his (Mr. Qureshi's) community in the Bombay Presidency still remembered him.



This private institution was also managed by the government through a board. In 1945 Prof Syed Ghulam Mustafa Shah, a great educationist of Sindh, was made in charge of the hostel.

Allama I.I. Kazi, on return from England in 1938, regularly delivered Friday prayer sermons which were attended by scholars like Maulana Abul Kalam Azad.



It remained a place of high importance during the Pakistan Movement. Mr. Mohammad Ali Jinnah also visited the hostel and soon after the independence, it was re-named after him. Earlier in the 50's the building has served as a hostel for under-training CSPs.

The hostel now serves as the headquarters for the paramilitary and has barbed wires surrounding the premises; red barricades separate an entire lane of the road.

Seva Kunj Hostel

The NED Engineering College grew into a full-fledged engineering institution offering a degree course in 1922. The Sukkur Barrage was shortly to be built and sindhi engineers were required for this gigantic project. The college could not provide for a hostel. The trustees of a Hindu Trust called Sarnagati Trust built the Seva Kunj Hostel accommodating about 130 students which was a big blessing to the engineering students. The hostel provided inexpensive shelter to students from interior Sindh and beyond. They spent their evenings in the reading room discussing politics and their future careers.

It was located on Rambagh Road, Garikhata. Although over crowded, it was excellent in providing the amenities of student life. Its café was run by a Bahai.

In late 1940s the Sarnagati Trust also established Karachi Geographical Society in Seva Kunj Hostel. The society organised training classes for teachers of Geography and assisted with research work.



YMCA

Another hostel, though not linked to any educational institution, but worth a mention was YMCA.

Twelve young men under the lead of George Williams founded the first YMCA in London. In the current territory of Pakistan, during united India under the British Empire, YMCA began in 1876 with its establishment in Lahore. Thereafter the Karachi YMCA was formed in 1905. These associations were part of the YMCA of India until the partition of the Indian subcontinent in 1947. The premises for YMCA Karachi were set up with the help of the government in the heart of city right in front of the Governor's House in 1913. It had a

ground with a massive area of about 27,724 square yards on which a hostel, school, sports ground and a technical institute were established. It soon became popular as it provided a venue for various sporting events and facilities for the young and old alike.



The expansion of the YMCA in Karachi ceased particularly since 1965 due to a number of changed political and religious sentiments. In view of its prime location, YMCA remains under the evil radar of land mafia. There have been numerous attempts to gulp it and the playground is already being used as a restaurant, a marriage hall and a parking lot.

POETRY BY DOWITES

DR. IQBAL HASHMANI

بے نام مسافر

گمنام منزلوں کے بے نام سے مسافر
انجان راستوں پہ بہر سفر جو نکلے
بے خواب ، شب گزیدہ بھٹکے ہوئے سے راہی
شاید کہ ڈھونڈتے ہیں کھوئے ہوئے سے رشتے
ماضی کی دھند میں جیسے بھٹکی ہوئی سی روحیں
چہرے بدل گئے ہیں ، پہچان ڈھونڈتے ہیں
یادوں کے ساگروں میں ، ہپھری ہوئی سی لہریں
اجڑے دیار جیسے ، انسان ڈھونڈتے ہیں
جیون کے اس سفر میں شاید کہ لوٹ آئیں
گمنام منزلوں کے بے نام سے مسافر
انجان راستوں پہ ، بہر سفر جو نکلے۔
اقبال ہاشمانی

SAMEENA KHAN DOW 1985

مدرسے کے بچے ہوں
یا اسکول کے
ڈرون سے مرے ہوں
یا سفاک قاتل کی
سرد ہندوق سے نکلی ہوئی گولی کا شکار بنے ہوں نقصان تو میرا ہی
ہوا نا...
میرے بچے ..
مسلمان پاکستانی معصوم بچے
یہ قصور فرشتے ہی تو نشانہ بنے نا..
یہ روشن چہرے جنہیں میرا مستقبل بننا تھا
جن سے میرا نام اولچا ہونا تھا
جو میری آن میری شان بن سکے تھے
آج ڈھیریوں مٹی کے نیچے سو گئے
ان کو تو معلوم ہی نہیں کہ ان کے دشمن امریکہ سے بدلہ لے رہے ہیں
اور تباہ اپنی ہی نسل کو کر رہے ہیں
واقعی یہ بہت معصوم مجرم ہیں
معصوم اور مظلوم
اپنے قتل کا بدلہ اپنے ہی ہاتھ پاؤں کاٹ کر لے رہے ہیں
اور
ان کے ہمدرد
ان سے بھی زیادہ معصوم ہیں
مدرسے کے بچوں کے غم میں ڈوب کر
فوج سے ناراض ہو کر
ان ڈالروں کو بھول گئے
جو یہ معصوم مجرم جالے کہاں سے وصول کر رہے ہیں

Sam

1:30am

18th Dec 2014

SHARIQ ALI DOW 1985

وہ جسم نہیں تھے، خواب تھے وہ
پھولوں کے شہر پشاور کے پھول جیسے بچوں کے نام

بتھیار اٹھانے والو سنو
تم قتل نہیں کرپا ے انھیں

اسکول کے کمروں میں جو ملے
وہ جسم نہیں تھے، خواب تھے وہ
وہ سانس نہیں تھے، آس تھے وہ
اک عزم جنوں کا پاسس تھے وہ

ر ابداری خیر پہ ننھے قدم
ہیں موج با موج رواں اب بھی
ہر کھیل کا میدان اب بے بنا
اک سازدما دم جذبوں کا
اب جھولا جھولتی نرم ہوا
بے گیت مسلسل خوابوں کا

اسس فرش پہ دیکھو خون نہیں
ہیں سرخ دیے امیدوں کے
اک عزم بے زندہ رہنے کا
اک جوش بے آگے بڑھنے کا

بتھیار اٹھانے والو سنو
تم قتل نہیں کرپا ے انھیں

ہاں تم نفرت کی بھینٹ چڑھے
زلت کی موت مرے ہو تم
وہ سوچ لئے جو مسخ شدہ
اک لاش کے جو لاوارث ہے

بتھیار اٹھانے والو سنو
تم قتل نہیں کرپا ے انھیں

اسکول کے کمروں میں جو ملے
وہ جسم نہیں تھے، خواب تھے وہ
وہ سانس نہیں تھے، آس تھے وہ
اک عزم جنوں کا پاسس تھے وہ

ش ا ر ق علی
۱۸ دسمبر ۲۰۱۴

AISHA IDRIS DOW 1987

*A New Year sliding in
The Old Year slithering
The more things change
The more they remain the same
Our wishes, hopes, prayers, struggles
All are shadows of same old dreams*

*Some strifes are brand new strikes
Within ashes some amber still burns
Let there always be spring in the air
The new dawns and twilights brighter
The smoldering summers less harsher
The numbing winters be milder*

*Peace and Happiness for you and me
My country prosperous, with safety
Personal sorrows don't break my spirits
Let it soar higher in the skies
Happy times for all in coming days
Wishing for a Shining Twenty Fifteen!!*

MOHAMMAD HANIF SHIWANI DOW 1986

بر برس ماہ و سال یوں ہی بیت جاتے ہیں
کبھی خوشی تو کبھی غم جیت جاتے ہیں
جینا ہے تو دیکھو جو جی بھر کر جیتے ہیں
کیسے غیر بھی ان کے ہی گیت گاتے ہیں
مشکل کو تو صدا سے رہی ہے یہی مشکل
گزرنا ہوتا ہے اسے جب لمحے سہل آجاتے ہیں
راز راحت قلب و جگر کچھ تو سیکھ لے حنیف
طنز کے تیر کھا کر لوگ کیسے مسکراتے ہیں

SYED KHALID ANWER DOW 1986

My first poem of 2015!

It is a cold January morning here in UK, windy, cloudy and misty. The only consolation is that it is dry and not raining. There is no question of going out amidst the mist. Cousins are visiting from London. We all are huddled around the gas fire in the living room. Events are recounted, stories are being told, as the new year unfolds. Nice relaxing, idle afternoon!

" d is amidst the mist"

d is amidst the mist

b is silent in doubt

b is silent in debt

d is quiet on Wednesday

p is silent in receipt

d is intrigued in deceit

n is silent in government

n is silent in damn

g is silent in poignant

l is silent in walk

l is silent in talk

l is silent in calm

l is silent in balm

and silence indeed is profound

no point going out amidst the mist

in the silence g of the night

we will go when it is bright!!

Aisha Idris

A New Year Night!

Still oft remembered,
A 31st December's night,
Unable to be forgotten;
Unplanned plans,
Impulsive activities,
Heartbeats racing,
Pulses throbbing,
Living to the hilt,
Throwing caution to winds,
Because, اکل ہو نا ہو!!!!

Sneaky car rides,
Fluttering butterflies,
Unable to call a halt,
Emotions overriding caution;
There was magic in the air,
Bewitchment of infatuation,
Headiness in recklessness,
For we were young and uncaring,
The magic of the night was such that
It felt سب اچھا ہے

But that was another lifetime,
We are not now what we were then,
Still nostalgia hits every year without fail,
For a New Year's Night, three decades ago.
Went through tears, sorrows, heartaches,
But now all that's left is a sweet memory
Of coyly shivering to feel cold.....
Of daintily holding hand, for support...
That happiness will last a lifetime for me!!
While eating Halwa Puri anywhere!!!!!!!!

!!انیا سورج، نئی صبح، نئی کرنیں اور امید کی پو پھوٹتی ہے

D85 Family Support Project- Status Update

Assalam-o-Alaikum All:

I am very pleased and humbled to inform you that we had targeted a collection of Rs. 10,00,000 (10 Lakh) for the family of one our departed class fellows. Alhamdulillah those of you who contributed helped us not only reach the target but we have been pledged Rs. 1,302,000 and have already collected Rs. 757,000. This family has already been provided with Rs. 43,000 to meet one of the daughter's tuition needs.

The family will be given Rs. 800,000 in total for the wedding of one of the girls within the next month or so and the balance will also be used to help the family over the next many months inshaAllah. The organizing committee is looking at our options in consultation with the family and those that know them well. Those who are still pending fulfilling their pledges should do so soon.

What is very heartening that the bulk of funds came from Pakistan itself and I would like to recognize Arjumand Asif as the lead spearhead on this project. I congratulate the organizing committee in Pakistan/UK/US for their hard work. May Allah bless all those who stepped up and may Allah bless them and their families in this world and hereafter. Aameen!

NADEEM ZAFAR

Moderator D85

REUNION AT THE WEDDING OF SYED SALIK'S DAUGHTER IN KARACHI



FRIENDS MEET IN KARACHI



ON NADEEM ZAFAR'S VISIT

A HAND WRITTEN REPORT BY FAYYAZ AHMAD SHAIKH

D-85 RE-UNION

Village Sea View

KARACHI 27/12/14

I was delighted to be a part of this gathering which was moved from 24th to 27th just because I couldn't join on 24th. Thanks to all my Karachi based classmates. Other guests included Inayat from Saudi Arabia, Shehla and Wamique from USA and Aij Zai from the UK, and Ehtisham from UK too.

It was a 1st Tea but felt more like EXTREME Tea as there was a choice of nearly 50 items including Seekh Kebabs, Chicken Tikka, Samosas, Chats, Spring Rolls, Fish, Gharra Puri, Malwa, Kulfi and much more. After having this it was impossible to have dinner on that day. Fresh fruit juices and a nice cup of tea with plenty of dessert choices put king on the cake.

This was the 5th gathering in Karachi over the last 5 years whenever I visited and to be honest I have always looked forward through the year for this day.

There were chattings going on between friends with plenty of pictures and videos made to capture the day while discussing the old days at the college.

The party was joined by at least 40 Karachi D-85 Dooties and those who could not join were badly missed. We discussed about D-85 charity project as well as the gathering (30th Anniversary of graduation) next year as Samina announced the date of 27th December 2015.

Some suggestions came from others including that no one should plan anything on this date including marriage or engagement of ^{these} ~~these~~ children.

FAYYAZ AHMED ~~SHAIKH~~ ^{SHEIKH}

(written in an injured (R) little finger)





AND HERE IS EVERYONE!

SELECTION FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE

FRACNIS BACON

Fracnis Bacon, who became Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, was born in 1561. His father the Keeper of the Great Seal under Queen Elizabeth, and a cousin was her famous minister, Robert Cecil. After leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, Bacon was called to the Bar in 1582, entering Parliament two years later. He attached himself to the Queen's wayward favourite, Essex, and has never been quite forgiven for his subsequent action in leading the prosecution against that misfortunate noble. Under King James I, Bacon became Attorney-General and in 1618 Chancellor. In 1621 he pleaded guilty to bribery, was disgraced, and spent his remaining years in literary pursuits, dying in 1626.

The first edition of his Essays published in 1597 contained only ten essays; but Bacon kept adding to their number, and the final edition of 1625 contained fifty eight. The Essays, upon which his fame chiefly rests, are brilliant but hard and utilitarian like their author. Their language is simple, but of course, rather archaic occasionally. The style is coloured by figures of speech, antithesis and climax, while the thought is always clear and brief. Entirely deficient in humour, he does not expand upon the pleasures of travel and the beauties of Nature to be visited, but is consistently material and utilitarian, choosing the benefits accruing, and even referring to unpleasant things which should be avoided. A cynical outlook on life is visible in the Essays.

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth; for else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing, that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation: let diaries, therefore, be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbours, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like: comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go; after all which the tutors or servants ought to make

diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them: yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth; then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said: let him carry with him also some card, or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry; let him keep also a diary; let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth, but not long: nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance; let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth: let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth; that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know; thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors; for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many: let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame; for quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided: they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words; and let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him; but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth; and let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse, let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories: and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.